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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Is the Dakota wheat crop is 35,000,000 bushels short it will widen the outlet for the Kansas crop.

UPWARDS of 7,264,000 acres of corn in Kansas this year, and most of it in good condition. Friends, keep an eye on Kansas.

The Lyons Democrat, edited and published by S. M. Konkel, is the latest candidate for public favor. It is a neatly printed, eight column folio, and we wish it success.

The grape crop will be no small thing this year in Kansas. All the elements have been favorable for such crop, and the state will produce more than will be used in her borders.

It will only cost a few cents to have the weeds around your premises cut. Attend to it, and you will please yourself as well as your neighbors, besides assist in making the city look tidy.

The various Great Bend ladies who are visiting in the eastern states are complaining of the hot weather and want to get back to cool Barton, where the balmy breezes and real estate men blow, and the wicked send to Kansas City for their beer.

The Harrison family has grown so since its recent ascendancy to the throne that Ma Harrison now says the White House is "not large enough." By all means, let us build a lean-to—we don't want any of the illustrious family left out in the cold or be compelled to bunk in the hay mow.

CENTRAL Kansas is to have a big rain—a regular cloud burst—on the 29th of this month. Let 'er burst. By that time wheat will be most all threshed and the corn will need just one more rain to make it perfect. These weather prophets are getting to be so accurate in their prognostications that the first thing we know they will get the inside track on how the weather is made, and go into the business themselves.

Great Bend did not have a celebration on the 4th at which their beer guzzlers could create riot, so they came to Hoisington where they could create disturbance on Hoisington's credit.—Hoisington Dispatch.

Now, BRO CLAK, can you not draw it just a little milder? Don't you know that some of the best citizens of Great Bend visited your town on that day, and enjoyed the visit, and they were not "beer guzzlers" nor rioters, but peaceable gentlemen and ladies. You also say, elsewhere, that the Great Bend papers are giving the town of Hoisington a rather severe "scolding" and that the "disturbing elements" were brought to Hoisington by the Great Bend visitors. Now don't you know that to be not the case at all?

RECENT editorials in the Kansas Farmer on the tariff question, lead us to believe that paper is not what it pretends to be, politically independent and for the interests of the farmer alone. It has from time to time contained articles on the tariff question from correspondents, and until lately refrained from taking a strong stand or "showing its hand." Lately, however, it boldly strikes out as a high tariff organ, probably thinking the farmers of Kansas, by their votes last fall, showed a liking to be robbed for the benefit of a class, and being itself willing to sell out the interests of its constituents. While it may please a few of its readers we doubt if the Kansas farmers will be able to long swallow its latest batch of machine-made tariff argument.

A Night-Blooming Cereus.

Wednesday evening of last week a large number of lovers of the beautiful visited Will Fenger's barber shop to see the opening of one of those rare and exquisite flowers. The bud showed an inclination to open about five o'clock in the evening, and by eleven it was a full flower, one of the most lovely we have ever seen. Many citizens stayed up late on purpose to see the wonderful flower, among them a dozen or more students from the Central Normal College. At or about 12 o'clock the plant was taken to the art rooms of D. Hugh Halladay, and several photographs taken of it, in different positions. To those persons who are not familiar with this wonderful plant the following from Currier's Monthly, a horticultural journal of Milwaukee, Wis., may be of interest: The Night-Blooming Cereus belongs to the Cactus family and, like many of its relatives, it is somewhat uncom-

mon and straggling in appearance. The leaves are deeply notched, and in these notches the flower and leaf-bud appear. The resemblance between the two seems perfect, but a magnifying glass shows that the leaf-buds have scalloped edges, while a flower bud shows a single, tiny point. The flower-stem grows in a straight line from the parent leaf until six or eight inches long, when it slowly curves upward, bringing the bud into a nearly vertical position. When this occurs, the blooming is likely to follow in a few days. The opening of a cereus bud is a sight to be long remembered by any one who is fortunate enough to see it. Slowly the petals separated, shaping the flower at first in a form that suggested a half-open pond-lily. As the opening widened, the white, filmy pistil became visible and, farther in, a crowd of fine, snow-tufted stamens. The pistil reaches the entire length of the flower-stalk, and can be drawn out when the blossom withers. It does not stand erect in the center of the flower, but lies with the stamens pressed against and drooping from the edge of the corolla. When the opening has once begun, every moment brings new and beautiful changes, and it is no exaggeration to say that one can see the flower open. More than once, some one was fortunate enough to be looking at the moment when a petal drew back, with a visible movement. Slowly the pink calyx folds back or curls away from the pure, translucent, white corolla, which takes a more and more beautiful shape as time passes. The fragrance is not noticed until the flower is nearly half-opened, but then it grows constantly more powerful. It resembles the perfume of tuberose, but it is more delicate and subtle. At midnight or earlier the process is completed, the corolla curls back as the calyx did some hours before, the stock partially breaks and the lovely flower hangs withered and drooping. The plant can be raised from a single leaf, and usually begins to bear flowers after three years growth. After that time, the buds appear each year.

Another Tariff Lesson.

That philanthropic gentleman and consistent protectionist, Andrew Carnegie, remarked during the presidential canvass that protection meant "happy homes, high wages and security for the workingmen." Mr. Carnegie is an influential member of the high protection firm of Blaine, Carnegie, Harrison & Co., limited. They all told the workingmen that in high protection was the only safety to the working men of the country, and as high protection and republicanism was one and the same the workingmen were bound to vote for the republican nominee if they wished to protect their own interests. And a great many of them, notably the now starving coal miners of Clay county, Indiana, whom Mr. Harrison assured plenty of work and good wages if he was elected, and the destitute miners of Streator and Braidwood, Ill., believed them. Almost before Mr. Harrison had gotten the presidential chair warm Mr. Carnegie proceeded to carry out his happy home and high wages ideas by making a horizontal reduction in the price paid the workingmen in his great Homestead mills. His employees objected. Pinkerton men were sent to shoot them, if necessary, into obedience. These employees were stronger than the Pinkerton agents and succeeded, by force, in preventing other men from taking their places. This morning it is announced that the strike has been settled by a compromise. The men have agreed to a reduction, and Carnegie has agreed that the cut in wages shall not be as great as he at first insisted upon.

Carnegie's men may be thankful that they have been permitted to go back to work, even at reduced wages. But whom have they to thank for it? Carnegie? A high protective tariff? Not at all. It was their organization and their desperate resistance that forced the compromise. What did high tariff have to do with it one way or the other?

It is time that the American workingmen were getting their eyes open to the hypocrisy and demagogism of the high protective tariff idea. Carnegie's workmen can thank the present tariff for enabling Carnegie to amass a fortune which would enable him to scale their wages as low as he pleased, go to England as he has done, enjoy himself with the English nobility, and close down his mills and keep them closed until he starved them into absolute submission or forced them to a compromise. And they can thank only themselves that they were enabled to secure a compromise, at reduced wages, and were not forced to submit unqualifiedly to Carnegie's horizontal reduction.

The advocates of a monopoly tariff were fond of dubbing in ridicule, Hon. William Morrison, "Horizontal Bill," because he advocated a uniform reduction of tariff duties. Did it ever occur to Mr. Carnegie's employees that horizontal Andy would be a fitting title for their employer and one of terrible significance to them?—Kansas City Times.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Pawnee Rock "Leadman" Mr. Gammel, of Col., has engaged with S. A. Galbreath. He is a first-class wagon maker.

The pigs-in-clover never struck Pawnee Rock but she do know something about high-five.

Fone & Unruh are putting down their new scales in front of the old Garverick stone block.

A fine rain on Friday morning helped to liven up the corn. They just come in the nick of time.

The threshing engines whistle on all sides of town and make it sound like a small manufacturing town.

Wallace Lawhun had his fingers on the right hand badly mashed the other day while handling ties on the section.

Picnic's in summer time are an enjoyable affair; but the one held in Justice Huls' office last Monday was above the usual average.

The farmers of Barton county have almost forgotten the hard times of a year ago, in the enjoyment of the fine crops that they have just garnered in.

The first wheat to leave Pawnee Rock this season, was shipped by J. R. Baker on Monday. He shipped three car loads, and it was all No. 2 wheat, weighing 60 and 61 pounds. Price paid was 55 cents per bushel.

Miss Anderson and Miss Maggie Rowland, of south side, met with a slight accident last Saturday coming to town. The coupling-pin came out of their wagon and let them down in the middle of the road, while the team went on with the front part of the wagon to investigate a hedge fence.

Hoisington "Dispatches."

Quite a number of farmers have been listing in corn on their wheat stubble.

We are glad to state that the price of wheat is very firm with a tendency upwards.

New wheat is coming into town. It is a good quality but should not be marketed until after it has gone through the sweat.

Several wheat fields that have been threshed yielded forty bushels per acre. Twenty-five bushels is a low yield this year.

We understand that W. W. Carney will be one of the candidates for county treasurer before the county republican convention. How is it William?

Miss Eliza Johnston takes the cake for raising the best and largest potatoes this season. She took nineteen large early Ohio's from one hill, filling a six quart pan full to overflowing. Who can beat it?

Jim Drake, of Wheatland township, has this week threshed out his wheat that was raised on sod ground. It yielded 43 bushels per acre machine measure and weighs 62 pounds to the bushel threshed measure.

The Great Bend Tribune is about to go into spasms over the way Hoisington celebrated the 4th. If that grand-ma of the Tribune had been over and seen the process in its glory his liver would not have been so torpid. We never knew that the celebration was such a disgrace to the town until it was shown up in the Tribune. Suppose this is another case of going away from home to get the news.

Ellinwood "Advocates."

W. Underwood's wheat yielded forty bushels to the acre.

Last week Prof. H. Anthe accidentally shot himself in the hand, while trying to extract a shell out of a gun.

August Voight was in Saturday and showed us some of the finest rye we have ever seen. He has over a hundred acres of it.

DIED—Last Saturday, of cholera infantum, an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Weisenburg. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of their many friends.

Our liverman, H. J. Klein, has put in a weeks work in his yard and now has it in fine shape. Mr. Klein's residence in the near future will be one of the handsomest in the city.

Last week a man ordered his paper stopped. The reason we suppose that he could not afford to pay for it any longer, for it would be absurd to think that he did it to bust us up in business by losing one subscriber.

Quite a number of our farmers are now threshing their wheat. Most of them, however, prefer to wait till their grain has "gone through the sweat," the latter is considered the wisest course although there are good arguments on both.

Last Friday while Mrs. Chas. Metz, in company with her husband were weeding their garden, she was bitten by a huge rattlesnake. Mrs. Metz was immediately brought to town, a dis-

tance of eleven miles, where Dr. Lash proceeded to administer antidotes. According to latest reports Mrs. Metz is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. This is another warning to parties to be careful.

Why Farmers are Poor.

Alexander Carris, writing from Winfield, Kans., to the Kansas Farmer, has these plain statements to make concerning the matter—and there is truth in them:

"I feel interested in the question 'why farmers are poor.' Many reasons can be given, but I will mention only two, which, in my opinion, contribute more to the farmer's poverty than most of the others that can be given. First: Capitalists and syndicates have taken possession of the public lands and are raising cattle by hundreds of thousands, in fact, on such a scale that farmers cannot compete with them; they have no money invested in land, and very few of them pay taxes; numbers of them are not citizens, nor do they intend to be; when they have made their pile they will leave the country; they have brought down the price of stock to a point below the cost of production by the farmer. Heretofore raising stock has always been the most remunerative part of farming. Second: Farmers buy at too high prices and sell their produce too low; they allow merchants to put a price on farm products and fix a price on their own goods, and it is only human nature for the merchants to take the advantage. Besides, we have double the number of merchants needed in every town and city all over the country, consequently they have to charge a high percentage on their goods. Another thing, they pay the drummers of wholesale houses from 10 to 12 per cent. for bringing around samples and selling them goods. Then they buy goods on sixty days' time and have to pay interest at 1 per cent. per month. Of course both of these items are added to the price of their goods and the farmer pays the bulk of it, besides keeping them in good style in houses that cost thousands of dollars. The merchants must change their mode of doing business or else farmers will do their merchandising, and they are now doing this to some extent in an Alliance Exchange here in Winfield. And congress must stop the fencing up and occupation of the public lands by capitalists for stock raising purposes. If capitalists had sized the United States mints, coined and circulated \$200,000,000 surplus money, they would not have hurt the industries of the people as much as they have done by flooding the country with cattle. It is a well-known fact that when any cause brings the farmers down, they drag all other industries with them."

An Ostrich Farm.

Sells Brothers recently bought all the ostriches on the famous Santa Ana, California, ostrich farm and will carry the full flock of ostriches with their big show this season, after which it is their intention of establishing an ostrich farm either at Columbus, Ohio, or Topeka, Kansas, at both of these cities they have vast real estate possessions. An experienced keeper travels with the birds and will explain the details of ostrich breeding. The feathers of ostrich birds last year were sold to a New York firm for \$15,000, but this year they were not plucked and their beautiful plumage will attract the admiration of all who see them. This is only one feature of over 100 absolutely new things to be seen in the allied shows. Sells Brothers and Barrett's shows will exhibit in union at Great Bend on Tues. Aug. 6th.

Not Without Bonds.

Last week a couple of men from the eastern part of the state called upon Register of Deeds Shortman, and District Clerk W. R. Bunting, and stated that they proposed to make daily reports of all mortgages, judgments, etc. made of record, ostensibly for the benefit of merchants, banks, etc., and wanted access to the county records for that purpose. As that business would be the same as an abstract business, and as there was no benefit to be derived from publishing a daily report of such business, our two officials informed the gent that when they furnished bonds in the sum of \$5,000 as required by law, then and only then could they have access to the county records. The men grew impudent and threatened to compel a compliance with their wishes, but could not "run a bluff" on our efficient officers, and have left town, it is hoped not to return.

Carl Paxton and wife living up in the edge of Rush county, adopted the little girl baby left at the Santa Fe depot last Thursday night. They have been married about ten years without issue, and were greatly pleased with the baby. Mr. Paxton has a good farm, free of debt, and can give the little waif a good home.

A NOBLE HEART.

The battle was over. The enemy were vanishing in scattered groups over the sands of the Soudan far from the ghastly-looking spot which had been the scene of the thickest of the fight. As dawn the ground round the wells had been green with the upspringing grass with which nature covers our rugged mother Earth. At nightfall it was down-trodden with the tread of men who there had met and struggled for supremacy, each one glorying in the death of some fellow-man, who but for war's fell chance might have been his friend had they met in other lands among other surroundings.

The victors were now doing all that lay in their power to relieve the suffering of the wounded or to identify the slain. No matter now if it were a comrade or a foe who lay upon the sand; the last drop of water from a weary soldier's canteen, or the last of the treasured liquid in some officer's flask, was tendered as freely as though it were the slain's and never grudgingly. Among the slain, a companion who was in need of it. Small chance was theirs of obtaining rest and food; for they had made a forced march to intercept the enemy, and the wells were all but dry in the oasis where the opposing columns had met.

A young officer was among the most earnest of the searchers and at last he came upon the one he feared, yet wished to find. For if alive, he must try to fan the flickering flame of life into an enduring one; and if numberless among the slain, he must write home and torture loving hearts with the terrible news.

It was not alone for love's sake that he searched; it was for honor, which to him was a higher, more compelling motive than any other could have been.

The missing man was his foster-brother, and, although humbler in rank, both in social position and in the army, was an obstacle which stood between his superior officer and his real master, who had been his most cherished hopes.

Allan Fairford was the heir to a goodly fortune, and his foster-brother, Richard Oldacre, was the only child of his father's gamekeeper, whose wife had taken Allan to nurse soon after his birth. She had cared for him as tenderly as though the blood which flowed through his veins had been of her own, instead of the purest Arabian purple, and Allan had ever kept a warm corner of his heart for her.

Near Mrs. Oldacre's cottage stood another—the retreat of a retired army officer and his motherless daughter. Little was known of them, save that the father, Captain Rathbone, was a cross-grained recluse, and that Nellie his daughter, was a lovely child, fast growing into a beautiful young woman.

The fine home of the Fairfords sheltered upon the outskirts of the extensive grounds surrounding it a number of cottages, the rents from which formed an item in the income of Allan's father. In one of these Mrs. Oldacre lived after her husband's death, and in another dwelt Nellie Rathbone, so that even after her return to her own home the old nurse's foster-child could pay her daily visits; and no matter how unpleasant the day might prove, it rarely passed without giving her a sight of Allan's rosy face.

From the first, Nellie was the object of the two boys' affections. For a while each was content with worshipping her impartial smiles and thanks for the various gifts they lavished upon her. But, though of the inferior rank, Richard was the more dominant of the two, and soon became foremost in Nellie's regard. There was a curious resemblance between the foster-brothers. Both had fine, clear-cut features, fair skins, and curly, yellow hair; but Richard's blue eyes had a deeper shade in the azure, and his lips had a firmness in their lines which was foreign to Allan's ever gay, insouciant, smiling face.

Eventually Richard had won the day in Nellie's affections. All thought of worldly advantages faded before the glances of the dominant, dark blue eyes of the pleasant lad.

So Richard was really an obstacle in the path of the young officer who now searched for him, his face as pale and anxious as though his life's happiness depended on finding him alive, and with a wound, with a chance of recovery.

For an instant, at the roll-call, when no response came to the young soldier's name, that great enemy of souls, ever stands ready to whisper some evil thought into the ear, had suggested: "Dick dead on the battle-field, what stands between you and Nellie?" But Allan's cheek had taken on a pallor which had been strange to it, and he had gazed at the roll-call through which he had just passed, and with a horror of himself for once harboring such a thought, he had started with feverish haste to find him.

At last, partially hidden by the body of a dead camel which had fallen across him, Allan descried him, insensible, but alive.

Lifting him in his strong young arms, he bore him to the nearest ambulance, anxiously superintending what rough arrangements could be made for his removal, and watching eagerly for some sign of life.

After some time Dick opened his eyes, and saw Allan standing before him. He was conscious. "God be praised!" ejaculated the young officer heartily. "I feared you were sleeping your last, Dick, but I hope you will have strength to weather it now. Here, drink this."

Dick obeyed, but soon relapsed again into insensibility. His wounds had not been dressed, and the surgeon pronounced them to be not necessarily fatal, but added that only good care and nursing could save him.

"I will see that he has it," was Allan's reply, and he kept his word so faithfully that before many days Richard Oldacre was pronounced out of danger.

One morning he had been lying awake for a long time with many thoughts busy in his brain. Allan was using his knapsack for a writing desk. Dick's eyes followed the

swift moving pen with languid interest.

Allan glanced up and saw that his charge was awake. "I am writing good news to Nellie, Dick. I am telling her you are out of danger."

For a moment the young man was silent. His face was working with some strong emotion. Then he said suddenly: "Why did you not let me die, captain? It is a strange thing you have done. A dead man is in no one's way."

"Do you think I know it not—that I am in your way because of Nellie's loving me?" asked Dick, his voice trembling with emotion. "You are strangely unselfish!"

"No, I am intensely and thoroughly selfish. I want to see all those I love happy, and I love your mother and little Nellie. It is to make their hearts light again that I have tried so hard to keep the breath of life in your body; and, then, Dick, we have been comrades in play with chit and anvil, and we are comrades in war. We must be warm friends," and Allan reached out and took Dick's pale fingers in his warm, strong clasp. There was no mistaking that he fully meant all that he said.

"Noble! noble!" murmured Dick. "His eyes closed again, and he drifted off into a refreshing slumber."

Two years later had brought great changes into Richard Oldacre's life. He had served his time in the army, and had received his discharge. Upon his broad breast hung the Victoria Cross, placed there by the Queen's own hand for an act of special bravery. His wedding day was set, and preparations had been made to emigrate to America immediately after the festivities connected with that happy event.

Allan had claimed the right to give a handsome dowry to the bride of his foster-mother's son, and with the sum which Dick had husbanded from his pay while in the army it was to make a capital to set him up in business. Nellie's father had objected strongly at first; but he was a man without means, and really glad to have her off his hands, so he yielded with much ostentatious reluctance to what he considered a *mesalliance*, and let her go.

Mrs. Oldacre had seemed quite unlike herself as the various preparations for departure progressed, and at last her nervous uneasiness culminated in a startling revelation to her son.

"Dick," she said mysteriously, after she had called him into a room and shut the door upon any possible intruder, "I can keep silent no longer. I have done wrong not to speak before, but I was weak. I dared not face the anger and surprise of the proud family. Dick, my own boy, Richard Oldacre was not your father."

"Not my father?" The young man uttered the words like one in a dream. "No."

"Who then?" There was a fierce ring in his voice, and his mother cowered before him.

"Richard Fairford, the Squire's elder brother, who was drowned. I was his wife, Dick. I have my marriage lines. You are the rightful head of the house, Dick—the heir of the old name."

Dick stood like one dazed, trying to realize the import of his mother's words. "I had been married but a few weeks," she went on, "when your father was summoned away on urgent business; but he left me with sufficient to make me comfortable in circumstances, although pledged to keep the fact of our union secret until he should return. I have never heard one word from him since that morning when he held me in his arms, and pressed his farewell kiss upon my lips. You remember how long the present holder of the property remained in uncertainty, thinking his brother's absence to be a temporary one. But at last hopes of his being alive vanished, they had proof that he was drowned, and then, Dick, you see how unhappy I must have been. But I was weak, also. I dared not present my claim. But you are strong and determined. You can fight for your rights, if you like, and win the day, too. What will you do, my son?"

"I cannot tell," her son said slowly. "I must have time to think. I shall know my mind to-morrow."

His struggle had already commenced in his grateful heart. But at last he won the love of Nellie, while Allan had been the loser of his heart's dearest wish. Now, should he, the peasant-educated, whom his friend had nursed back to life so tenderly—should he also take from him his position?

The tempter whispered: "Nellie will then be a grand lady. You can deck her with silks and gems."

That was a bewitching prospect indeed. But gratitude won.

"Mother," he said, "I shall not claim my rights. Bring me the marriage certificate and I will burn it. Allan has been educated to his high position, and it would hurt him to displace him from it. I am used to mine, and Nellie loves me just as well as though I were in a loftier place in the world. We will go to America, and there every honest man is a noble. I will win fortune, and we will be happy."

"But, Dick, I cannot obey you in one thing; in all else it shall be as you say, for you are sensible, and are old enough to judge. But I will not burn the certificate. I should then have nothing to prove to myself that my marriage to my darling was not a dream. Oh, no! I will not burn it, but no one shall be the wiser about it. I will lock the box it is in, and throw away the key."

Thus the matter was settled.

Richard Oldacre and Nellie were married, and, with their mother, sailed for the New World.

Little thought Allan Fairford, as he stood upon the deck bidding them good-bye, that among the baggage contained in one of Mrs. Oldacre's strong chests was a document which would have made him the poor man, and Dick the rich and titled heir to the estate he deemed his own.

Which gave to the other the greater gift? Which man was the more generous?

Santa Rosa, Cal., has a floral curiosity in the shape of a hollyhock bush that bears jet black flowers.

HE GOT THE NEWS.

A Green Reporter's Assignment on a Street-car Strike, and How it Worked.

When I was in Chicago last summer the editor of one of those papers there told me this story, which will show the advantage of not having an excuse, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press.

Some years ago a green-looking fellow appeared in the city editor's room from no one knew where, and wanted a job. The city editor told him, as he had told hundreds of fellows before him, that there was no vacancy at present—that is the usual formula—but that if he came across a good bit of news it would be cheerfully accepted and paid for.

Well, the young man brought in what stuff he could, and sometimes an item or two was used; but more often nothing was available, and the fellow lived as best he could and slept in sheds or in the park and never grumbled. The editor began to get tired of seeing his want-stricken face, and once or twice advised him to go home, but the young man said that perhaps a chance would come along by-and-by, and anyhow he was here to stay. One night the city editor said to him:

"If you want a chance, there's a beautiful one open for you to-night. The street-car men are having meetings every night, and we can't find out what they're up to. They meet at the corner of —th street and —avenue."

"All right," said the young man. "Have you any objection to my saying I'm a reporter of this paper?"

"None in the least," said the editor with a grin. "I might say, though, that Rainey, who tried to get to last night's meeting, is in the hospital to-day."

Seeing how much in earnest the young man was, the editor added:

"The meeting is Slade's regular assignment to-night, but I don't think he'll get much except a broken head, perhaps. Anyhow, if you get anything at all it'll help out. Here's a couple of dollars to meet any expenses you may have."

Shortly after midnight the young man appeared in the city editor's room in a prize-fight.

"Well?" said the city editor.

"I couldn't get in," remarked the young man. "Has Mr. Slade brought anything?"

"Yes, a first-rate excuse like yours. 'I tried to pass the guards, but they flung me down-stairs. That's how I got this,' pointing to his cut and swollen lip."

"That's all right. I didn't expect you'd get in."

"I bribed a fellow for a dollar to let me in the back way. They found me out and dropped me out of the window. That's how I got this," pointing to his closed right eye.

"Well, you mustn't feel discouraged."

"I felt a little cold when they dropped me out of the window."

"That is not bad. You ought to apply for a position in the paragraph department."

"I climbed up to the roof on the rear fire-escape, got into the top story through the trap-door, went down to the room above them by the stair, and found that the stovepipe came up through the floor."

"Yes," said the city editor with increasing interest.

"They were having such a stormy time that I removed the stovepipe without any one hearing, and held the lower pipe from falling with my left hand."

"Yes."

"I could move it aside and see all I wanted to and hear everything."

"Yes."

"They have resolved to go on strike on all the lines at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning, and every one is sworn to secrecy."

"Great Scott!" cried the city editor, jumping to his feet. "Write that up. Give us all you can of it."

"It is written up. You see, the —————"

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